

# The Daily New Mexican

THE NEW MEXICAN PRINTING CO.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the Santa Fe Post Office.

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Daily, per week, by carrier.....	25
Daily, per month, by mail.....	1.00
Daily, three months, by mail.....	2.50
Daily, six months, by mail.....	4.50
Daily, one year, by mail.....	7.50
Weekly, per month.....	25
Weekly, per quarter.....	75
Weekly, per six months.....	1.00
Weekly, per year.....	2.00

The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every Postoffice in the Territory and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the southwest.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Wanted—One cent a word each insertion. Local—Ten cents per line each insertion. Reading Local—Preferred position—Twenty-five cents per line each insertion. Displayed—Two dollars an inch, single column, per month in daily. One dollar an inch, single column, in either English or Spanish Weekly. Additional prices and particulars given on receipt of copy of matter to be inserted.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10.

Commodore Schley has an unique way of announcing that he is out of politics. He declares that he is a Cleveland Democrat.

The Spaniards at Manila have learned that Americans fight after night just as hard as they do in the day time. In fact the only time an American won't fight is after he has been killed.

The son of his father business does not always work in politics. Young Garfield has been beaten for the nomination for congressman in Ohio by Judge T. O. Phillips, of Medina county.

Spain seems to be in no hurry to conclude peace. Well, if the Spanish can stand delay this country has no reason to complain. The longer the war lasts the easier it will be to settle the Philippine question.

At Freeport, L. I., the other day, Mayor Van Wyck, of New York, and a bachelor of some note, saved three young ladies from drowning. Well, there is safety in numbers and the boss of the big city on an island of small area will not be compelled to give up his bachelor quarters.

The scheme for converting sea water into gold proved a paying venture for the promoter, Rev. Jernegan, but the fellows who put up the money to erect the machinery are standing on the shore of old ocean and sadly asking: "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" If they will listen closely one word in reply will be heard, "Suckers."

The probabilities are that Spain's wishes regarding American control of Cuba will be gratified. If the reports concerning the Cubans made by army officers are true, and they undoubtedly are, the United States will be compelled to annex Cuba in order to give the island a permanent form of government.

It would appear from the row that has been kicked up in Germany over the death of Prince Bismarck, that Prince Herbert Bismarck politely informed Emperor William that the funeral obsequies of his father were none of the emperor's funeral. William is very much incensed at the action of the younger Bismarck, but has not yet figured out what he is going to do about it.

The Democratic party has reached another rough place in its party history. The failure of its last attempt to run the government prevents its "pointing with pride" at anything it has done within the memory of man, and the success of the Republican party in carrying the country through perilous days makes it impossible for it to "view with alarm" present conditions. Even the free silver papers of Colorado cities look with suspicion upon the remnant of the old party.

As an instance of the manner in which the Dingley tariff law has protected the home markets from foreign competition, in the six months ending June 30, the British shipments of hardware and cutlery to the United States fell to \$109,345 as against \$546,475, for the corresponding period of 1897. Meanwhile the American manufacturers have not only turned out an increased amount of these goods to supply the markets with the shrinkage in imports, but have largely increased the exports to foreign lands.

## Decrease in Wool Importations.

According to the August circular of a large wool house in Philadelphia, the effect of a protective tariff has been to cause a very large falling off in the imports of foreign wool into the United States. The figures given show that while the total imports of wool, shoddy, waste, etc., for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, under the Wilson bill were over 400,000 pounds, those for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, including the wool in bond, were only 135,000 pounds, and if the wool re-exported and that remaining in bond with duties unpaid is subtracted (as it should be, for the latter is practically unavailable for use here until the duties are paid) the quantity of foreign wool withdrawn for consumption by American mills during the fiscal year just closed is less than 73,000 pounds, which shows a decrease of over 327,000 pounds in one year, nearly 82 per cent less than the amount withdrawn during the previous fiscal year.

American wool growers have it within their power to still further decrease the use of foreign fleeces. It is contended that the superiority of Australian wool makes its use imperative in the

manufacture of the finest grades of woollens, and for that reason more imported wool is used than would if American wools were of a better grade. There is no reason for this except the carelessness of the dockmasters in the United States. More care in breeding will soon remedy the defect mentioned, and if that is taken the day is not far distant when American wools will be used exclusively by American manufacturers.

In this complaint there is an object lesson for New Mexico sheep raisers. The wool from this territory is considered about the best produced in the country as it is, but the proper mixture of breeds would make it the superior of any produced and imported. The improvement in quality would largely increase the price, and the profits realized by the change would quickly pay for any and all expense incurred in procuring high grade sheep for the ranges.

## New Mexico at the Omaha Exposition.

The New Mexico display of minerals, farm products and fruits at the Trans-Mississippi exposition now open at Omaha, is doing much for the future of the territory in advertising the resources of the valleys and mountains of the oldest section of the United States, and judging from comments made in the papers of the city of Omaha, the direct effects of the showing made will soon be noticed by the coming of mine investors, people in search of homes and invalids looking for better health.

The exhibit can not be maintained at the exposition without some expense and the exposition commissioners now find themselves running short of funds. The 32d legislature appropriated \$1,434.50 for the purpose of making a display at the exposition. To that amount has been added \$25 by Santa Fe county and \$122.25 received from the voting contest, making a total of \$1,681.75. The expenditures to July 30 were, for freight, fittings for space at the exposition and the expenses of Commissioner Leeson, who is devoting his entire time to the care of the exhibit without compensation, \$1,274.75, leaving a balance on hand of \$407.00. It is estimated that it will require \$500 in addition to that sum to maintain the display at Omaha until the exposition closes and pay the expenses of shipping material back to the territory. The commissioners would like very much to make a display of fresh fruits during the fall months, and that will require money. The situation can be seen at a glance. Unless more money can be had the work of advertising the territory at the exposition will have to be abandoned soon.

The law authorizing the making of an exhibit at Omaha provides that the different counties may appropriate money to aid in the work in the following words: "The boards of county commissioners of each county and the municipal authorities of each city and town in the territory of New Mexico, are hereby authorized and empowered to make such appropriations toward the expenses of the exhibits herein provided for as they may deem proper," and in addition to that provision there is nothing in the act which prohibits private individuals contributing to the exposition fund.

A small appropriation from each county and a few contributions from individuals would place the commissioners in a position where the expense of keeping the display open until November 1 could be met without difficulty. Since the benefits to be derived from the display of the products of New Mexico will be divided among all sections of the territory, the county commissioners of the different counties will make no mistake in aiding the commissioners with small appropriations, and the public spirited citizens of the different towns and cities can assist materially in contributing small amounts. It is to be hoped that the necessary funds for the work will be forthcoming at once, and that the magnificent display now at the exposition can be kept there until the last day it remains open.

## Lee an Outlaw.

(Eddy Current.)

The letter of O. M. Lee, who is a fugitive from law, written for the Independent Democrat, of Las Cruces, and given in full in this issue of the Current is Lee's version of his difficulties lately had with the officers of the law headed by Sheriff Garrett. In this communication Lee makes several statements, among them that Garrett had said that he would kill Lee. Whether or not Garrett ever said so is very doubtful, for Garrett is a very closed mouthed man. Then Lee tries to make it appear that Kearny was killed by moving him. But that is as it may be there is nothing whatever in Lee's conduct to entitle him to further recognition as anything else than an outlaw. When Garrett's posse came up he should have given up, and not tried to dictate terms to the law. A man who tries to override law should be hunted down like a mad dog. Had Lee given up and stood trial like a man, he would have had many friends to stand by him. As it is he is regarded as a typical western outlaw and deserves no consideration whatever. His days are sure to be cut short because the more officers he kills the more he will excite the people and finally he will be compelled to submit to the law. Lee is charged with the murder of A. J. Fountain and his little son, or being one of the gang who waylaid Fountain. If Lee is innocent he would have no difficulty in maintaining his case.

## SANTA CLARA PEAST.

Round Trip Tickets from Santa Fe \$1—Five Hours at the Pueblo.

The annual Indian Feast of the Pueblo of Santa Clara occurs on Friday, August 12. For this occasion the D. & R. G. R. R. has decided to make a very low rate, viz: One dollar for the round trip. Tickets will be good between Santa Fe and Espanola on that date. Children under 12 years, 50 cents. Extra equipment will be attached to the regular train leaving Santa Fe at 10:10 a. m., arriving at Santa Clara about noon. Returning, regular train will leave Espanola at 4:55 p. m., and Santa Clara at 6:10 p. m., returning to Santa Fe at 7:10 p. m. Passengers, thus allowing visitors about five hours to visit the pueblo and Indian festival.

This is positively the last excursion for the season. For further particulars address the undersigned.

T. J. HEALM.

General Agent D. & R. G. R. R.

## NEW MEXICO CROPS.

Plenty of Rain—Abundance of Fruit and Vegetables—Ranges and Cattle in Excellent Shape.

U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE. Climate and Crop Bulletin of the Weather Bureau, New Mexico Section.

(Santa Fe, N. M., August 8, 1898.)

Warm and showery weather continued the week ending with August 8, and reports from nearly all sections indicate a very satisfactory condition and progress of crops. In some localities, however, no rain has fallen recently, and while without exception irrigation ditches have a fair amount of water still rains are needed to refresh field crops and gardens, and to water the ranges, which in some few districts are becoming short. The storms of the week have been accompanied by severe hail in some localities, and considerable local damage has resulted. The rains of Sunday (7) night were particularly heavy over central northern districts, and some damage to crops resulted from "washing" and "lodging."

Cutting the second crop of alfalfa, and harvesting wheat, barley, oats and rye have progressed satisfactorily during the week. The alfalfa and wheat, and generally barley, have been secured in good condition.

Reports on the yields of grains vary considerably, some claiming much above the average, and others somewhat below. The warm weather and frequent showers have kept the corn fields in a promising condition. Roasting ears are now plentiful in the gardens, and beans, peaches and early potatoes are abundant in the markets of the territory.

As a rule fruit prospects continue excellent. In San Juan county, however, the apples and grapes will be rather scarce, owing to early unfavorable conditions. Apples are nearly all picked; some few apples are ripe; peaches and berries are plentiful. In the vineyard sections of Bernalillo county the grapes are large, and are coming on nicely. Fine melons are coming into the home markets of the southern counties. Sugar beets have made good progress. Cattle and sheep are in good condition, and preparations are being made for taking care of the large crop. With the exception of the few localities missed by the recent rains, stock ranges are in excellent condition, and all reports indicate that cattle were never in better condition.

The following detailed remarks are extracted from the reports of correspondents: Aztec—C. E. Mead—A clear, calm week, with no precipitation. Farmers are still cutting the second crop of alfalfa, and the yield is good. Roasting ears, beans, potatoes, peas, etc., are plentiful. Some few apples are ripe; peaches are all gone. Grapes are not yet ripe; the crop will be light. Peaches, raspberries, and gooseberries are abundant. Ditches have plenty of water. Ranges reported good. Highest temperature, 90, on July 29.

Bernalillo—Brother Gabriel—Continued dry weather, nevertheless crops are looking very well considering the extreme heat for the last 23 days. Irrigation ditches are fairly supplied with water. Fruits nearly all ripe and ready for marketing. Grapes are quite large, and are doing well. The dry, hot weather has been unfavorable to gardens and they have not made good progress. Although ranges are not very good still stock is in good condition. Highest temperature, 98, on four days. Rainfall, 0.01.

Eddy—John S. Shattuck—Crops would be much benefited by rains. On most of the ranges grass is better than any time since the late spring. The country stock has suffered some from the drought, but these pests are now becoming scarcer. The season is the best we ever had for calves and goats. Highest temperature, 100, on 27th. Rainfall, 0.10.

Gallinas Springs—Jas. A. Whitmore—In this important vicinity crops have made good progress during the week, but to the east and west there have been destructive hail storms. A good rain is much needed here. Highest temperature, 90 on the 4th. Rainfall, 0.14.

Gila (Silver City)—Chas. H. Lyons—Plenty of rain and ranges never looked better. Cattle are in fine condition. Hail storm on the 29th, with hail stones over an inch in diameter, but as it lasted only a short time little damage was done.

Medilla Park—Cayetano Thompson—The crops have been revived by the rains but the water in the ditches is very scarce. Tomatoes are ripening fast; plenty of roasting ears and melons on the market. Sugar beets are doing better than last year on account of the cool weather that prevailed during the latter part of June. Highest temperature, 96 on the 2nd. Fine rains on the 1st and 5th total, 0.89.

Ojo Caliente—A. Joseph—Farmers are busy harvesting wheat, alfalfa, barley and oats. Owing to the protracted drought of northern New Mexico during the early spring the yield of grains will not be as large as usual. Water is abundant in the streams, but rain is needed badly for the stock ranges. Highest temperature, 90 on the 2nd. Rainfall, 0.10.

Santa Fe—U. S. Weather Bureau—The weather was warm and showery, and field crops made good progress. Fruits have ripened rapidly and are of a superior quality. Highest temperature, 85 on the 3d. Rainfall, 0.10.

Santa Marcial—J. W. McCoach—A splendid rain on the 7th, and the ground is thoroughly soaked. Highest temperature, 90 degrees on the 2nd and 4th. Rainfall, 1.10.

Vatrous—M. C. Needham—A severe thunder storm accompanied by wind and wind, did considerable damage to crops and fruits on the 1st. The weather has been very cloudy, with almost daily showers, and crops have made good growth. Stock and ranges are at their best. The highest temperature was 80 degrees, and the lowest 70 degrees. Rainfall 1.25.

More Days to Come.

In Spain the people take no note of time, not even from its loss. Everything is to be done *manana* (tomorrow).

And so I lost my early illusion about aristocratic looks, and the lawyer made a good bargain for his client. But I have never met such charming impostors since.

—C. L. Church in St. Paul's.

## THE AMPHITHILLS.

The Amphithills were an ideal Darby and Joan couple and pleasing to look upon—tall and aristocratic looking, with rather haughty features, but refined expression. She wore her hair, which was snowy white, raised over a cushion, and by way of a cap some priceless old lace. Her brows were delicately penciled, her eyes clear gray. He wore the picture of an old English gentleman, with his ruddy complexion, clear but not too red, his honest blue eyes, his flowing white beard.

All young people delighted in the Amphithills, and the old people in the number of years gone by. Everything was so well "done," as we should say now, and we enjoyed the freedom given us of roaming through the well kept grounds and tasteful gardens as well as of gazing at the art treasures indoors. But I remember Mrs. Amphithill always entreated us not to touch the books.

"It's a sad of my dear husband," she would say and always proceeded to tell us of a friend of theirs who had smoked over a book of Mrs. Amphithill's and actually burned a hole in the valuable old fashioned binding. "So, for fear of my fuss, I do not allow any one to touch the books." We all agreed that she was quite right, too, though the nonsmoker could not see the point of the story. I wonder that it did not strike any one as strange that the books were prohibitive.

But there was one thing that did appear incongruous, and that was a funny looking old woman or "housekeeper body," who sometimes opened the door. In such an ancestral home you expected a dignified butler or at least a footman in sober livery, not a hard featured old woman in rusty black and without a cap. She opened the door with a nervous look, looked at us suspiciously and then, if the Amphithills were at home she would leave one on the doorstep and shuffle to summon the parlor maid.

"Oh, that silly old Ann again!" Mrs. Amphithill would say as she greeted one. "It's another fad of my husband's to keep her, not that she is of the slightest use, and then she would tap her own high forehead suggestively and shake her head, 'but she is an old pensioner.'"

"Dear Mrs. Amphithill, we know how kind and benevolent you are!" was the invariable remark that followed, and then she would tap her own high forehead suggestively and shake her head, "but she is an old pensioner."

Circumstances occurred when I was still a lad which caused my parents to leave the Amphithills, and other circumstances prevented my revisiting the place for a few days. My first question was, "How are the Amphithills?" "Dead, both dead," was the answer, "but only a short while ago and within a few days of each other." "How sad and touching too! Dear old Philomena!"

Then I was told that both had been invalids of late. She had a weak heart, and he some nervous disorder. She died first, and he caught a chill at her funeral—they were both buried in the same grave. "But what their real home and beautiful belongings!" I asked. "The house is left to a nephew, and all the plate and books and pictures revert to the heirs of the late Sir Anthony Ambrose," said my friend the lawyer. A relation? I queried. "No relation at all," said Mr. Fincham. "You think it curious. Well, so do I. I want to ask Mr. Amphithill's lawyer, but I have an idea of the case, and I rather want to get the lease of the house for a client. Suppose we go and pay our respects to the nephew?" "What he is like?" "Oh, a hard headed, honest sort. Name of Hayden from Huddersfield." "What a lot of lies! You plume your curiosity, Fincham. I see you won't tell me your surmises, so let us go and call at the Chestnuts. I shall miss the old people there."

The place was changed indeed. Mr. Hayden opened the door to us and was civilly itself in a bluff, outspoken way. I explained who I was and how much I had liked his uncle and aunt in the past. He made no remark in appreciation of my flattering speeches, but said rather gruffly, "I knew naught of my uncle and aunt." "Don't you mean to live here?" "No, not I. I am not content enough for this sort of thing. Besides, I have my fortune still to make for wife and child. I mean to let the place for a while, furniture and fixings on a valuation. But come in, sir, and you, too, Mr. Fincham. Happen to know of a tenant for me?"

"That's what I came about, and with your permission I'll take a look over the house." "Willingly."

We strolled into the changed and deserted rooms. Pictures, books, plates, where were they? Hayden's eyes caught mine, I suppose looking at the blank spaces, and he answered my unspoken query, "Yes, all that's not mine I have sent back to the lawful owners. How my uncle and the conscience to keep what was not his all these years I cannot make out."

"Yes, the tailor from York. He was a bit of a money lender too. He took over a bad debt—for a good many bad debts. Then Sir Anthony died bankrupt. His son married an heiress, but my uncle put such a price on the goods that even the heiress couldn't bid for them. But it preyed on uncle's mind at last, it did, and so he killed them back. Here, aunt!" he cried as a figure in decent black and huddled cap appeared and disappeared. Why, it was Mrs. Amphithill, the "housekeeper body!"

"She's my great-aunt, sir," he explained, "and she's going back to Huddersfield with me. She's had a hard life of it with Mrs. Amphithill. Amphithill, indeed, was my great-aunt's name!"

"Then that wasn't your uncle's name?" "No, sir." "But surely his wife was a lady born?" "Not she. Just a milliner's girl." "And so I lost my early illusion about aristocratic looks, and the lawyer made a good bargain for his client. But I have never met such charming impostors since."

—C. L. Church in St. Paul's.

More Days to Come.

In Spain the people take no note of time, not even from its loss. Everything is to be done *manana* (tomorrow).

And so I lost my early illusion about aristocratic looks, and the lawyer made a good bargain for his client. But I have never met such charming impostors since.

—C. L. Church in St. Paul's.

More Days to Come.

In Spain the people take no note of time, not even from its loss. Everything is to be done *manana* (tomorrow).

And so I lost my early illusion about aristocratic looks, and the lawyer made a good bargain for his client. But I have never met such charming impostors since.

## HE HAD LOTS OF SAND

WAS DESPERATELY ANXIOUS TO FIGHT THE SPANIARDS.

At Least That Is What He Told the Recruiting Officer, but Changed His Mind Somewhat When He Found That the Army Had Room For Him.

He looked very determined when he entered the recruiting office and walked up to the officer in charge. "The boys down our way," he said, "told me I was afraid to enlist. They've been daring me ever since this war broke out, so something had to be done."

"And that's why you're here?" suggested the recruiting officer in a tone of inquiry. "Yes, sir, that's why I'm here," answered the stranger. "There can't anybody take a whack at my patriotism and my courage and get away with the bluff. I'm here to get in line to do up the Spanish, and I don't want any one to forget it."

The officer picked up a pen and prepared to write. "If you're sure you want to enlist," he said, "why?"

"Sure!" broke in the stranger. "Sure! Well you just bet I'll prove those fellows liars or know the reason why. I don't think much of war as a general proposition, but there can't anybody stand around and dare me more'n six or eight times before something happens. Maybe I might have stood what the boys had to say, but when my wife told me I was afraid to fight it was just a little too much. All I'm afraid of is that I won't have 'em."

"Oh, you'll take you fast enough," returned the recruiting officer. "Just give me your name and—"

"Maybe I ought to tell you before you go too far," interrupted the valiant youth again, "that I am troubled with hammer toes—two of 'em, one on each foot."

"That doesn't make any difference," replied the recruiting officer. "Why—why, I thought hammer toes interfered with a man's ability to march," suggested the applicant.

"It does," admitted the recruiting officer, "but we'll put you in the cavalry."

The applicant gave a deep sigh and suggested that that would suit him first rate, but that he couldn't ride very well.

"Never mind," answered the recruiting officer. "You can soon learn. Now if you will just give me your name I'll put it down and send you to the doctors for."

"That reminds me," broke in the man who wanted to enlist, "that I have been a cigarette smoker for the last ten years."

"No matter. We're not so particular now as we were. Just—"

"I have a weak heart, too, and I'm rather short winded."

"Oh, that's all right. If you're willing to take the chances, we are. Just give me your name and it will be all right."

The youth gave another long sigh before answering.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," he said. "Maybe my wife spoke in haste when she said I was afraid to go. I guess I'll just run back and ask her about it before taking a step that she may regret all her life."—Chicago Post.

Flint Sparks.

Words that wedge a friendship apart are often put in edgeways.

Jealousy is love's tonic, but no tonic will take the place of one's meals.

When a man borrows trouble, he asks all his friends to go on his note.

No woman is proof against flattery, and no flatterer is proof against woman.

When a woman is tired of her husband's love, let her try to convince him that she is no better than he is.

Life is like a circus—you will generally get more fun out of it if you don't count too much on the side shows.

—New York Press.

Failed to Grasp the Subject.

"What a grasping fellow you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill 50 times in 10 days."

"You wrong me, Jarley. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."—Stray Stories.

Another Spanish Atrocity.

"I never saw anybody like the Spaniards like my wife."

"What makes her feel that way?"

"She got to reading war news the other day and let a lot of raspberry jam burn up."—Chicago Record.

Worse Than a Bill Collector.

"What's the matter, old man? You look hot and excited."

"Just been trying to dodge a cross eyed girl on a bicycle."—Detroit Free Press.

Fixing the Blame.

Parson White—What was de cause of yo' boin shot, br'er Johnsting?

Br'er Johnsting—Waal, parson, dere was t'ree causes—two pullets an a bantam hen.—Up to Date.

None but the Brave.

"Could you love a man who was cowardly, Julia?"

"Well, I should want him to have courage enough to propose."—Chicago Record.

RECORD AND BRIEF WORK.

Transcript, record and brief work for attorneys at the New Mexican printing office for the approaching session of the Territorial Supreme court, printed at the lowest possible figures and in the neatest, best and most acceptable style. Patronize the New Mexican Printing Co., and you will get first-class work, besides supporting an institution that is at work daily for this city, this country and the entire territory of New Mexico.

NEW MEXICO REPORTS.

Delivered by NEW MEXICAN publishers price, \$5.00 per vol.

# HOTEL WELLINGTON

Formerly Welcker's.

American and European Plans.

15th Street, Near U. S. Treasury,

Washington, D. C.

European Plan, \$1.00 per day and Upward. First Class Restaurant and Cafe.

American Plan, \$3.00 per day and Upward. Transient and Permanent Guests.

L. M. FITCH, Proprietor.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.

The Daily New Mexican will be found at the Hotel Wellington.